



Dian Crayne: Welcome aboard! None of the books you mention in detail would appeal to me, reading choices being such an individual thing. You wrote, “No, I haven't been reading any science fiction or fantasy. Sorry. Abject apologies.” You have nothing to apologize for, at least to me. I read very little of it, either, and when I do it tends to be in spurts, albeit some of them fairly sustained ones. Most of my fiction reading in recent years has been mysteries, especially those of Fredric Brown—I own everything of his that's been published in book form (he wrote both SF and mystery, but more of the latter) and have been rationing my reading of it because...well, once I finish there's no more. I've also read (or in some cases, reread) all the published work of the late Bob Tucker, both mysteries and SF, in the past couple years. I'd long owned a copy of *The Chinese Doll*, first in a five-book series of “Charles Horne” mystery novels, and in rereading it I decided I wanted to get the other four—and after I got and enjoyed those I went on to acquire the rest of Bob's novels, both mystery and SF. This was in the summer and fall of 2006, and I completed the reading while Carol and I were on a vacation in Arizona and New Mexico. I planned to write Bob an egobooful e-mail upon our return, and was shocked that the first news I read when I turned on my computer was of his death. The most recent SF I've read was a Rog Phillips novel, *The Involuntary Immortals*, and I read that at least six months ago, probably longer. Earl Kemp (someone who should be in this apa!) wrote at length about Phillips's fiction in his fanzine *eI* and I trolled Bookfinder and got four of his books inexpensively. That's the only one I've read so far. At more or less the same time I read a bunch of nominally SF short stories by British fan Graham Charnock, an eccentric but enjoyable writer, scattered through various anthologies. But mostly I read non-fiction...and of course fanzines.

“When ApaL first started, while the club was meeting at the Silverlake playground, I did the ToC on-site with a pan of hektogel. It was an interesting experience.” I've never used a hektograph, but like you used to have a ditto machine and published many of my early fanzines on it. A year or so ago I saw a hektograph on eBay—and I bid for and won it (not very expensive). It's a Heyer No. 22 letter-size and came not only in its original packaging but with a supply of Venus Indelible Copying Pencils (most of them unused), a hundred sheets or so of paper, and even a small sponge for smoothing the goo. It's part of my museum of reproductive antiquities



along with several bottles of corflu (one owned by Terry Carr, the other by Harry Warner Jr.).

John Nielsen Hall: I'd never heard of Mount Kailash before you wrote of it here—and what a lovely photographic subject it is!—but now I'm quite taken with it and wish you *could* make that pilgrimage, of which you write, "But is this probably unrealisable ambition an attachment, the loss of which I cannot face, or is it the thought that if I managed to complete the parikarama I would have managed to change myself as well?" Well, given the spartan and challenging conditions you've described here, you would at the very least have changed your weight (in a downward direction) from all that exercise. From what you write, apparently many have made the 28-mile trek around its perimeter; but I find it astonishing that "it's never been climbed."



Regarding the prospects for continued fanzine production, you note that "Corflu cheered me up no end—mainly because of the sheer volume of stuff that was produced and in evidence. Surely we will survive, somehow." Indeed, if the sheer quantity of fanzines received at Corflu is any indication, we're not yet in any woods to make our way out of. I'm still making my way through the zines received there, albeit with numerous detours for fanzines subsequently received—and of course keeping up with my two monthly apas.

It was interesting to read your observation that "the Railways over here are in many ways better since privatisation—certainly many rail operators have faster and more comfortable trains—though not the one that serves my area." But as you note, "The big intractable problem we have is the basic infrastructure is 19th Century—and much of it is very much valued by people and communities and architecturally listed and so on. The Victorian system is a heritage we can't just tear down, it seems." That's a reasonable expectation on the part of the British public—that the architecture of the past be preserved—but over here this is dealt with by



allowing many historic buildings to have their interiors gutted and rebuilt from the inside out, all the while retaining their familiar exterior. That would seem to be a strong possibility in your country, too, and between the stations the tracks could be replaced gradually to allow for the "eventual goal of having high speed trains linking many of our major cities and the mainland" to be achieved. Even with things the way they presently are, though, aside from certain areas in the eastern U.S. your system is already far ahead of ours.

I've used trackballs such as yours, but even



though I have large hands and can easily grip the ball I've never warmed up to them. Of yours you write, "Best of all you don't have to move it...so there's no strain on the wrist or forearm...and it takes up very little space." The movement of my mouse can be programmed, and I have it set to the maximum speed and acceleration—which allows for reaching all of my display while having it on a mousepad six inches square (with a padded wrist rest).

"I was a big Beach Boys fan and it's because of them chiefly that I spent two and a half years on and off in the L.A. area in the mid-late sixties, looking for some kind of Surfer's dream life." Where did you live during this dreamquest? (I know you spent some time at Bakersfield drag strips, but presumably you didn't live that far away from the beach.) When I was young and living with my parents (near the intersection of Slauson & La Cienega, if you want to have a look), I was about five miles from the nearest beach (at Playa Del Rey, west of LAX)—and we were south and west of the hills separating the main (and warmer) part of the L.A. basin from the cool coastal weather. I got into the Beach Boys' music, too (especially later on when I discovered *Pet Sounds*), but I was never a surfer myself.

"The other day I think we hit a hare coming along the lane." I've had that sinking feeling, too, as I've run into and/or over a hapless creature that was spotted too close for me to stop. The worst of these was many years ago in Sonoma when a mother duck suddenly decided to parade her fleet of ducklings across a road just ten feet or so in front of me. No time to stop and nowhere to swerve—I could hear the sound of broken duck bones, and daren't look back. It still occasionally haunts me.

James Taylor: To me you write, "So you do have a system; just a more sophisticated one than I suggested." Do I correctly assume you're referring to my comment to R-Laurraine about how I compose my next issue of *Vegas By The Bay* while reading the current mailing? Like you, I print out all issues of *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, but regard your printing entire SNAPS mailings with a certain amount of awe and admiration. I don't have the room to store them in hard copy, and archiving them electronically means I retain more of them than I do of the much larger FAPA and SAPS mailings—from which I save only the official publications (for reference) and my favorites among the individual zines. (The unsaved portions get shipped off periodically to a grateful fellow collector.)

And also to me you note, "Hope that by the time



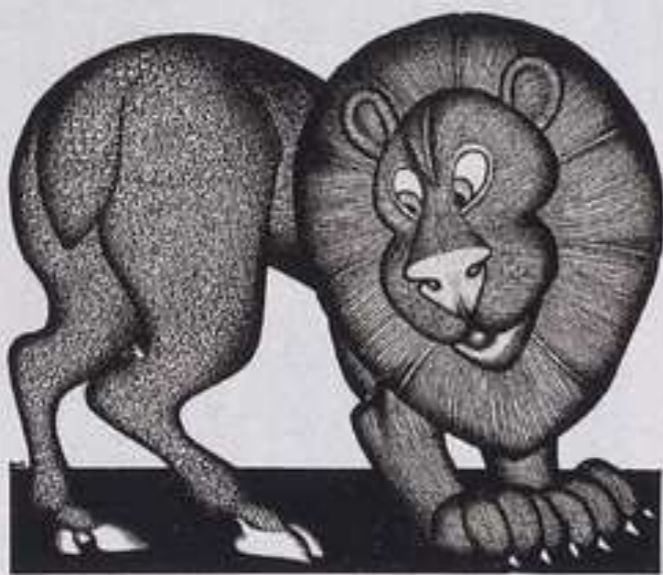
you need another pair of Clark's the Chinese factory will have worked out the production problems." That will be a very long time because I have a pair bought on Deep Sale in Sonoma 2-3 years ago that I have yet to get to, and I think they were made in China. When I tried them on in the store, I recall that they felt a little narrower than previous pairs—but since before long they mold to conform to one's feet that shouldn't be a problem. I'm still wearing a pair that's around 5-6 years old and was made in Portugal. There's still a fair amount of tread on the soles, but the right shoe has developed a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch hole in the narrow strip at the bottom of the leather upper that will probably eventually prove to be a weak point. Perhaps I'll see if a shoe repair shop can do anything for it, because otherwise they're still completely comfortable.



"...Our copies of Word Perfect 12 were about \$13.00 each but all we got was the disc itself." That's all I got, too, when I bought that \$25 copy, and everything I needed was on it. Since I've been using the Windows version almost since it first came out and the DOS one for years before that, I wasn't a new user learning from scratch—and there was a file that explained the changes, most of which were irrelevant to my needs.

"I have to admit that after ten years of living in the desert the Rolling Green Hills of Arkansas...are looking mighty interesting." After that many years living in the Vegas climate, there's a sharp climate acceptance needed to be comfortable in someplace as humid as Arkansas. I never did get used to Tennessee's near-identical weather.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi: Nice cover photo! We used to have the same thistle plant you depict that produces the purple flower on which the butterfly has landed on our front yard hillside, but didn't want them there. It took a couple of years of pulling them out as soon as spotted in the annual rainy season profusion of new weeds, but we didn't have any come up this year.



Of your landlord you write that he "left the yard in very bad shape, and we have to pay the price to fix it up. Our lease requires us to keep the yard looking good." That seems duplicitous of him. At the very least he should have turned the property over to you with the yard in the condition in which he wanted you to maintain it. Do you get any break in rent because of this? (You should.)

"Towards the end of May, our Wild Oats store officially became a Whole Foods Market." As you may already know, under the cloud of a great deal of controversy Whole Foods acquired the entire Wild



Oats chain. It was just another step in their aggressive expansion program that's seen them taking over a Ralph's in Sonoma and an independent natural foods store in Sebastopol.

"I'm leaning toward McCain myself right now. I just feel the economy's too mucked up to trust either Clinton or Obama. If the Republican candidate were someone other than McCain, I wouldn't necessarily vote that way." I take it this means that you actually *approve* of tax cuts being targeted at the richest several percent of the population at the expense of everyone else, of tax rates for billionaire hedge fund managers that are lower than those paid by their office support staff, and a ruinous war for which blank checks must constantly be written with money borrowed from the Chinese (among other things). If I'm correctly interpreting you, there is a wide, wide gulf between your view of the economy and my own.

Shelby Vick: Fun to read of your Memorial Day weekend visit from Clif and Opal Jackson (and I enjoyed the photos, too), but impossible to find anything more to say than that.

Ross Chamberlain: I used to read *Reader's Digest*, too, back in the days when I was young, an omnivorous and undiscerning precocious reader, living with my parents, and they subscribed. Like you, I was mainly interested in the filler items—and didn't learn until years later than some of the ones I enjoyed were written by Bill Rotsler—and I remembered that the quote that begins with "We live in a decaying age" was from an ancient Egyptian tomb even before I got to your lines confirming as much.

I haven't read (and won't be reading) Matthew Rothschild's book on repression in the U.S. these days, but the examples were both familiar and chilling. We haven't seen this sort of thing since the McCarthy era, and I'm hoping that with the arrival of January 20, 2009, we'll be seeing the inauguration of President Obama, even stronger Democratic majorities in both houses of Congress, and a breath of fresh psychic air sweep across the land. Meanwhile, I agree with you that "the Republicans have not forgotten how to pull their dirty tricks," and hope that they don't manage to pull the wool over the collective eyes of change between now and November. (And please see my comments to Tutihasi, above.)

To me you write, "I'm with Shelby on Frankie Laine, Tennessee Ernie Ford, and Les Paul and Mary Ford, and am a tad surprised that you only remember a couple each of their multiple recordings in each case. Still, I guess I have a couple of years advance on you



so that you might not have yet been all that interested when I was absorbing their output on pop radio.” Based on my recognition of the other titles you list for them, I believe it is our age difference that accounts for my failure to come up from memory alone with a longer song list for these artists. Many of their hits came out when I was young enough to listen to pop music on the radio but before I paid much attention to who sang what. My primary interest by the time I hit the age at which you were absorbing these performers’ work was rock ‘n roll and its funky cousin, rhythm and blues. Between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, I managed to buy more than two hundred 45s and a handful of LPs in those genres.



John Purcell: I hope you do manage to get to the Seattle Corflu next year.

“Your comments to Charles Fuller about volunteer tomatoes take on a very topical tone considering the nationwide tomato recall of the past couple weeks. Investigators believe that they have isolated the point of origin to tomatoes grown in and shipped out of Florida and Mexico.” According to an old friend who used to run the agricultural operations on The Farm and is now a major grower of grape tomatoes in Mexico, it’s almost certain that most if not all of the tomatoes that sickened people came from Mexico. I’ve read that the FDA is checking out a couple locations in Florida, but as of this writing have arrived at no conclusions. Meanwhile, all the tomatoes for sale at Berkeley Bowl—the large produce store at which I buy nearly all our produce—are from safe sources.

Regarding your other comments to me, we appear to be on the same page about a lot of things (and that includes your anti-gun views as expressed to Fuller).

I wonder what caused so many dropped-out letters in your contribution (and to a lesser extent in a few others)—did you send it to Arnie as a PDF or did he convert it from some other format? In generating my own PDF from WordPerfect, I always “embed” the fonts in the text and never have this problem.



Well, um, that was an interesting account of your surgery, but I don’t think I’ll ask to see your scar. But I will ask if you had to come up with a copayment for that ambulance ride, since you leave that as a cliffhanger.

Marcy Waldie: Thanks for a *really* interesting look into a piece of your life. You appear to have some interesting challenges in your classroom and meet them well and with equanimity. I agree in principle with your conclusion: “Relax, my friends. Our world is not going to pot. Have faith in the young. And give someone a smile. Maybe it’s the only one they’ve had all week.” However,



beyond sharing this faith I have serious concerns that our consumer lifestyle and its increasing extension to the developing world (I heard on TV last night that 25,000 new cars hit the road in China *every day*) may lead to a planet on which we may not survive due to destroying our planetary ecosystem on the way to the mall.

Bryan Follins: Although I appreciate your *Incidents* reports, I will always prefer to see more of *you* in your SNAPS contributions. You're an interesting person, and your insights and observations are much appreciated. I want to echo what Joyce wrote to you in this mailing: "But one of the best things I've noticed about you is that you fit right in without a lot of discomfort. I think you are doing a great job at becoming a fan, and we're really happy that you are one of us!"

Bill Mills: I liked Shelley Berman, too, although most of my experience with his work is *way* back. For instance, I remember him on Steve Allen, Ed Sullivan, "What's My Line?" and "Laugh-In." More recently (relatively speaking) I recall his appearances on "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" and its successor, "Forever Fernwood." And most recently of all I saw him in "The Aristocrats." I probably heard those comedy albums you mention, too. You and Roc are lucky to have met him.

JoHn Hardin: Do you print out all the e-books you mention reading? I would find it difficult to spend that much time staring at a monitor. Doing SNAPS on screen is quite enough.

"There's a building movement against...the trend that says you don't own the movies or music or software that you buy; you're just renting them from the publisher. One place to track this movement is BoingBoing.net, which regularly features articles on the 'Maker' subculture. BoingBoing are big advocates of open technology, creative commons licensing, the public domain and hand-knitted robots. People want to own their culture, so they're making it for themselves." I check into BoingBoing myself now and then, mostly on the recommendation of Jay Kinney. So far as the theory on the part of manufacturers that one is only renting movies, music and software that one has paid for, I wouldn't worry about it too much. Are "they" going to someday organize gangs of thugs to come around to terminate our "rental agreements" by repossessing the disks and wiping our computers? I think not.

Loved your comment to Bill Mills: "Thanks for writing such a thorough con report, too. It's good to see the weekend documented. That way, in 20 years when I can't remember anything at all, I can still dig up a PDF and say, 'I think I was there!'"



Arnie Katz: Of your 35 issues of *Softcore Fantasy Adventures* you write, "I've also had the zine in every eMailing, a major point of pride that is unlikely to continue much beyond my last month as OE." In that case, I believe the membership could easily be marshaled to proclaim you OE For Life. This apa wouldn't be the same without your monthly input.

I'm sorry to read of the draconian measures you've taken to stem your chocolate jones: "I've limited my chocolate-eating to less than one instance per week and don't plan to increase that much in the foreseeable future." You did have a pretty serious habit—"I ate a couple of chocolate bars a day, plus other chocolate items such as ice cream and cupcakes every day at the time I went Cold Turkey"—but wonder if you've backpedaled too far, even though the weight loss you report must feel nice and will probably have positive health effects beyond the absence of zits that you noted. My own mainlining is quite modest by comparison: two or at most three Dove Dark Chocolate Miniatures per day (42 calories apiece), about which you can read here...



<http://dovechocolate.com/Collection/DoveChocolate/Dark.aspx?PageID=336&ProductID=6>

...and a few times a week a serving of Double Rainbow chocolate sorbet...

<http://www.doublerainbow.com/products/index.html>

...which is a dark chocolate and totally delicious. Each pint contains four servings at 140 calories per serving, and I usually get three servings from a pint. I buy it by the "case" (which is eight pints shrinkwrapped together) so as not to ever run out. I believe this is much lower-calorie than what you describe as your former regimen,



and it provides all the chocolate satisfaction I can reasonably stand. You should be able to find Dove miniatures in a lot of locations, but I don't know if Double Rainbow products are available in Vegas. (Their Website offers an e-mail inquiry link.)

Regarding "The Wasted Hour" and the Virtual Fan Lounge in general, I sympathize with your writing, "If I had a wish, it would be that more of my friends were part of that audience." As you know, I've only been there once when the show was live—and somehow it's not a place I go to visit for watching the syndicated version. I guess you could say I haven't gotten with the program, ahahahahaha. I think it's an interesting idea, but the other fannish demands on my time—four apas, many lists, the occasional tweaking of *Trap Door*, writing LoCs,



etc.—seem sufficient to sustain me. And as you correctly note, the technology is still not up to speed—no fault of Bill's or yours, but it makes for a somewhat annoying experience on that front alone. I'm sure this will change/improve over time.

I appreciate the changes you've made in distribution of the mailings, especially as they grow larger and have (as you report) outstripped the ability of some members to receive them under the old system. So far my getting them as attachments via Yahoo Mail hasn't posed a problem for me—even the 34th mailing at over 13MB came through just fine. But I think the alternative of sending a hotlink to a copy of the mailing lodged on Bill Mills's server is a good one, and if we continue to trend upward in mailing size it might be something to adopt universally and abandon the attachment method. I especially appreciate the refinements of limiting access to the link to a few days and changing it monthly so that dropped members can't continue to acquire mailings without participating. And I especially like the retention of privacy all around.

To me you write, "Editing in fanzines has always been a touchy subject or so it seems to me. I don't think the attitudes of writers is as monolithic as you assert." Looking back at what I wrote (to Shelby), I don't see that I was saying what you assert—and wonder if perhaps you're conflating Shelby's comments with my own. I certainly agree with your later observation that the best way to get good fanwriting for one's zine is to have talented friends, and for the most part that's been something that's served me well over the years. I've only had one experience where someone sent me a submission that was already formatted to suit his idea of what it should look like, and fortunately it wasn't something I wanted to publish—well-written enough but not "*Trap Door* material" due to subject matter not grabbing me-the-editor—so I just sent it back with a gracious rejection note. If I had wanted to publish it, I would have requested the author send me a clean manuscript.

I see we had the same reaction to Chris's CostumeCon report (and so did Joyce). You: "I'm glad that you had a terrific time at the costume con, but I must admit that you calling it a high-water mark for BArea Fandom boggled my mind." Me: "By geographic default I'm part of Bay Area fandom, but I don't get involved in it for the most part. So when you write that CostumeCon was 'probably the most important thing to happen in BArea fandom this decade...and that includes the San Jose WorldCon!' my eyes roll and then glaze over." But like you, I have no objection to costuming; it's just not my bag.



Joyce Katz: Thanks for this update on your feral feline situation. What an attractive bunch of cats there are in this current crop!

In connection with one of your many non-fan fans happening across and reading "Sweetheart of Fanac Falls," you write, "How do you feel about your face being plastered all over the internet? (And believe me, most fans' pictures are easily found there. If you don't believe it, Google your own name, and search for Images.) How do you feel about your face, your words and jests being seen and heard by people don't know?" I hadn't thought of doing this before, so I dutifully followed your instructions and was quite amused at the result. There are 211 images that come up, but only two of them are of me. They're both a photo of Jack Speer and me conversing at Corflu Blackjack embedded in Earl Kemp's account of that convention in the 13th issue of *eI*. Everything else is quite far afield—many relate to mentions of me in surrounding text—and none of them include some vintage photos of me that appear on fanac.org or the one at the Fan Gallery. As far as my words are concerned, there are a lot of Robert Lichtmans that come up on Google and most of them aren't me. I don't mind my old letters of comment in places like *File 770* and *Apparatchik* showing up, and I notice (returning to Jack Speer) that my posting of *Up To Now* on efanazines has been listed at <http://onlinebooks.library.upenn.edu/>. And there are sites such as <http://unjobs.org/authors/robert-lichtman> (the Website of "UN Jobs, a Swiss association with which I've never had contact) where stuff by or about me is mixed with other entries by/about others sharing my name. Oh, what a jumbled Web we've weaved!

To me you write, "That was a wonderful piece of lace you pictured in your zine." As you know, I picked it more or less at random with beauty my primary consideration. I'm pleased that it led to this reminiscence of your childhood, which I very much enjoyed reading—all the more so because your mother apologized years later for the unjust spanking you received when you got water on her lace.

To Ross you write, "Funny you should mention screwing up your numbering on your SNAPSzine. In fact, I am almost certain that I have misnumbered mine, as well." On the contrary, your numbering on *Rodeo Rider* has been perfect. I know because I print it out for my files and catalogue each issue. If you ever lose track, just ask me.

And to Ken you write, "The Ozarks are the oldest part of this continent, formed when the two halves bumped into each other. No doubt there are truly ancient deroes hiding in those hills!"

| Let's hope they stay there!



This issue's artwork is all by Hannes Bok, and all lifted from various Website and eBay offerings. To the right is his self-portrait from 1939, and to the left his portrait of Don Wollheim from the same year.

